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# REV. DR. STONE'S

# FAST DAY SERMON.

## APRIL 7, 1864.

# NATIONAL GODLINESS.

A

# SERMON,

PREACHED IN PARK STREET CHURCH,

ON OCCASION OF THE

# ANNUAL STATE FAST,

APRIL 7, 1864.

BY

REV. A. L. STONE, D. D.

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# SERMON.

JEREMIAH IV. 1, 2.

If thou wilt return, O Israel, saith the Lord, return unto me: and if thou wilt put away thine abominations out of my sight, then shalt thou not remove. And thou shalt swear, The Lord liveth in truth, in judgment, and in righteousness, and the nations shall bless themselves in him, and in him shall they glory.

The object of this day, appointed in accordance with ancient New England custom for public humiliation and prayer, is to bring us as a people penitently and suppliantly to God. If the observance of this day is justly and truly to brighten our national hopes and national prospects, it must be by quickening us to acknowledge in all our national affairs the supremacy of the Most High.

Godliness is the great want of this nation, and that is the idea I wish now to impress upon our minds and hearts.

We have *intelligence* enough. At least never before with any people was knowledge so generally diffused among all classes. We have enough of *personal liberty*, liberty of thought, of speech, of conscience, of published creeds and forms of worship, of secular pursuits and private enterprise. There is nowhere else a people governed with so

little law and so simple a police. We have, with the exception of one doomed and decaying Institution, enough of political and social equality. We have room enough, and enough of natural and acquired wealth—of enterprise and public spirit. Enough perhaps of loyalty and patriotism, quite enough of self-confidence and self-reliance—but we want more of God.

I might ask you who hear me now, to say frankly whether the statement of this want does not sound vague and mystical, whether it suggests to you any definite idea of deficiencies to be lamented and benefits to be sought, whether it does not seem remote, impractical, possibly absurd.

We began our national life with God—but since that devout beginning we have drifted away from him. With him our fathers embarked in their frail little fleet on the shore of the Old World, with him they sailed over the wintry sea, with him they framed their first charter of government, in the cabin of the Mayflower. (How full of God was that compact then and there subscribed! It begins: "In the name of God, Amen." And then after giving their earthly king his titles, it goes on to say: "having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith,"—this voyage, &c.,—we "do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together unto a civil body politic.") * * With him they landed and builded in the wilderness the rising walls of a Christian State. Their legislation,

their public instruments, their civil conventions, their State machinery, were all full of him. They were themselves godly men and women, they walked with God not alone in secret or before the altar of the home, but in their courts and statute books and town regulations, every where beneath human eyes and the all-beholding sun, they talked with God—they talked of him—not flippantly, and rhetorically, but reverently and practically as though there were nothing so real, so practical, so near, or with which they had so much to do as this unseen God. There were two invisible powers more solidly substantial to them than any thing which their eyes looked upon or their hands handled—God and the Devil. They believed in both. The supernatural was awfully vivid to them. Or rather their system of nature included the Infinite Creator and Governor, and the great malign one. There were two sides only in human character and conduct—God's side and the side of that spirit of all evil, rival of God and enemy of man. They were on God's side, and ready to fight the Devil at all points and in every shape, whether as Pope or Prelate, Infidel or Indian, Witch or Quaker.

They attempted nothing without invoking God to guide and to prosper. They neither plowed and sowed, nor reaped and gathered into barns—they neither journeyed, nor fought, without the offering of public prayers. They lived and moved and had their being in the midst of spiritual realities—the other world and all its forces intensely mixed with this.

Nor did this make a weak and sickly character. Their piety was not a piece of delicate and retiring sentiment. It was rugged and athletic. It was not what some sweet secluded vale is to a landscape—it was rather the mountain ridge rising centrally in that same landscape, large-boned, broad-backed, ribbed with rock, hiding in its recesses the springs that water the vale and make the vallies green, lifting its bareheaded cliffs defiant of storms.

There never was a sterner and grander type of manhood on God's earth, that could endure more, dare more, achieve more, in dark and troublous times. We may have softened what we call their asperities, we cannot eclipse their heroism. Not afraid to take the Devil by the horns, encountering him as they thought almost bodily, they were not likely to run for any other terror. They feared God, and so they feared nothing else in the universe of God.

We have come to speak more seldom and more shyly of God, and much more gingerly and politely of the great adversary. We treat the latter more as a myth—or as an impersonal element of evil—and the former as a Being too high and remote to be recognized in the homely working of our every day life. We are not so dependent in feeling and circumstances as we were. The wilderness has become a fruitful field, or a great commercial city. The once threatening savage is a frontier exile. The little colony is a strong nation. We can take care of ourselves now.

Then, we could not walk alone, and needed to hold by the Almighty finger. Now, who dare look saucily in our face? With the sense of power has come in also the license of wealth and luxury. The old Puritan element has been diluted by the perpetual inflowing of other styles of population, new sovereigns that knew not Joseph nor the Mayflower, nor Plymouth Rock, nor our forefathers' Rock of salvation, have come to have sway in legislation and public sentiment and court manners, and not God now, but another, has become our tutelar deity—that other of whom our noblest epic sings,

> "Mammon—the least erected spirit that fell
> From Heaven; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
> Were always downward bent, admiring more
> The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
> Than aught divine or holy, else enjoy'd
> In vision beatific."

We have not named God in the organic instrument of our national life. We have put this Godless Constitution above the throne supreme. We have scoffed at "*Higher Laws*." We have perjured ourselves in oaths of allegiance. We have trodden the image of our Creator beneath our feet, and have kept back the hire of the laborer in our fields, and have practically said: "How doth God know, and is there knowledge with the *Most High?*" Our great cities have become dens of iniquity; our popular elections, scenes of intrigue and corruption; our most dignified halls of legislation, theatres of bribery and violence; the career of public men, a scramble for office and spoils;

party interest, instead of the public good the inspiration of oratory and the bond of unity; and the ancient virtues of the commonwealth, fading memorials of the past.

Is this statement too strong? I do not make it as universally true. There are noble exceptions individual and local. The State papers of this Commonwealth are delivered from the sin of Atheism. In respect to the recognition of God, they are models worthy of all admiration. There are more than seven thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal. We could paint another picture of evangelic truth and evangelic life, of pure and single-eyed patriotism and noble self-sacrifice, of the wide-spread sentiment of Christian charity blossoming out in fragrance and beauty amid all this visible corruption, this odor of the grave. And this picture should be true also.

But the other is so true—true to such an extent, that we might accept it as our general indictment, repeat it to-day as our general confession, and cease to wonder why God has visited us as a nation with the sorest rod of his right hand, the dreadful scourge of civil war.

He cannot bear that we should depart from him. He is readier with his discipline than if he had loved us less. He chose us and sifted us out of the nations and kingdoms to bear his name. He will not let us go astray without feeling the sharp stroke of his parental displeasure. Because he means to save us, he is dealing with us in the faithful severities of his chastening providence.

And thus he calls to us to-day, "Return unto me; if thou wilt put away thine abominations out of my sight, then shalt thou not remove."—And he commands us to frame this charter for our future, and to make sacramental oath over it. "The Lord liveth in truth, in judgment and in righteousness, and the nations shall bless themselves IN HIM, and IN HIM shall they glory."

If we heed this call, we must acknowledge God.

1. In the first place we must acknowledge that He is. And this acknowledgment must be not a simple and half-contemptuous concession that it is well enough for religion to include such an article in its creed; that on the whole whether true or not, it is a wholesome belief for the consciences of men, and safe for the nurture of children; that it supplies a convenient and rather impressive legal formula when men, not otherwise credible or officially trustworthy, are put under oath. It must be a hearty, downright, practical, public belief that there is a God, that that holy and fearful name is not an empty sound: that there is a Being who claims it as his own, and watches every utterance of it, and looks to see what homage it has in the hearts and on the lips of men: that he is the Bible-God—such a Being as is there set forth—a Spirit, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent: that he is a jealous God, jealous for the honor that is his due, for the sovereignty that is his right—of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and that will by no means clear the guilty. Every man's conscience ought to be diligently trained to

this sense of a present, holy, sin-hating God. Moralists ought to make their appeal more to this great truth; reformers to gird themselves and their movements in its strength; the public documents of a Christian people, "Constitutions," "Proclamations" and "General Orders," distinctly and reverently to recognize it; courts of law and legal decisions to embrace it; literature and art to pay it homage; patriotism to take upon it this more sacred allegiance, and armies to go bannered by it, as they hasten to the dread executive work of battle. With our founding and our history, this is the last nation in Christendom that ought to take an atheistical turn. The example of France is not too remote yet for our warning. What came of blotting out the name of God and substituting the trinity of liberty, license, and lust, that red-handed witness of the Revolution, in garments dripping with blood, stands up before the nations to testify. Our spiritual teachers and guides must preach to us more of God. The morality that does not derive its life from him, however exquisitely drawn and eloquently commended, will soon have no life at all. Men will admire and praise it, and in the hour of insurgent passion, trample it under their feet. It is fair but not sacred—beautiful but not divine. God—his being—his attributes—his character—his will—must be held up, believed in, and enter into the whole life of a nation as a controlling idea and a present power, or that nation however great, prosperous and strong, underlies the doom of death.

2. Again God is to be acknowledged as providential Governor of men and nations. To believe that He is, carries with it a certain sense of awe and of duty—but if we look upon him as sitting remote in some far-off central capital of his broad empire, on the outskirts of which our little planet twinkles with a light too small to be seen from heaven's battlements, that he sits within that imperial city, wrapt in the light and glory of his palace and court, listening only to the psalms of worship that breathe music like incense around his presence, he becomes to us in our personal and national affairs, the busy schemes and actings of the present life, scarce more than an ideal God, not practically feared or regarded.

He has not just created and then retired from the earth, set nature a-going, like a clock wound up, and then left it to run by itself till it shall run down, made man and given him dominion over inanimate things and irrational life, and flung the reins upon his neck to let him go whither he will, with all that is intrusted to his care. We need not only to read that first line in a written revelation, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," and that other line at its close, "I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away;" but to turn to a central page and read there, "All the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's, and He is the Governor among the nations." And then to open the early chronicles of the race to

which so many chapters are given, and see how amid those confused scenes of jostling and warring empires—changing dynasties—kingdoms overturned, and proud cities burned and drowned, a divine hand held the thread and kept the clue through all the tangle—the one controlling law of history, the divine purpose acting upon human voluntariness. What these inspired annals uncover upon that ancient stage and in that more primeval time is true *always and everywhere*—HERE AND NOW.

God is the God of creation and he is the God of providence. He has laid the plot of Earth's involved drama, and he secures the progressive development of a scheme that needs his hand as much in its evolution as his mind in its conception. He is present then as an actual ruler in the world's affairs, vigilant, active, administrative. From behind the veil he sometimes shows his hand, and we are startled to see of a sudden how near he is and how controllingly he works. That man is blind who has not discovered the frequent apparition of that hand in the crowded events of the past three years on this soil, years whose chimes have tolled out to the universe more consummated divine plans than as many centuries in the earlier past. There is a throne in this land higher than the Presidential chair. It is God's throne and it is not vacant. There is a sovereignty more universal and conclusive than popular sovereignty, and it is his who is excellent in counsel and wonderful in working. If we can only as a people accord that throne to God—concede to him that sover-

eignty, and feel that every human worker among us all touches with his shoulder that unseen divine worker and must take direction and impulse from him, all will be well.

3. God is to be acknowledged, too, *with fear*. There is a fear of God that is most wholesome for men and nations. It grows out of right ideas of God, his character, his purposes, his government. It is salutary that in his sight the nations should know themselves to be but men—that they should not presume to set aside his will, and attempt schemes of their own which must be in contravention of his. It is well that we should remember at how many points he can come in upon our national life with correction and chastisement, and teach us that it is better to have him as a friend than as an enemy. His quiver is full of arrows. The drought is his, and he sends it. He orders the blight and the mildew as easily as the dews of night. Pale famine is his messenger. The lightnings run, the storms fly at his bidding. Plague and pestilence wait before him. He lifts up with his breath the waves of the sea, and rends the solid land with the earthquake. He commissions the whirlwind and the devouring hail, and "casts forth his ice like morsels." He withdraws his hand, and the hot lava streams of war gush forth, and sweep through vineyard and harvest field, over cottage and town, desolating all. Can we seek independence of such a God, and hope to prosper. Can we ignore him by silent neglect, or defy him by willful rebellion, and expect peace and quietness

in our day! "Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name?"

4. There is great occasion, also, that we acknowledge him with *penitence*. God has had a controversy with this nation. Let no man doubt that. Innocent nations do not stoop to the earth under his heavy pressing hand. We have offended him and delayed his purposes, and refused obedience to his most express will, his most explicit command; and therefore a cry has gone up from our midst like the wail of Egypt over her first-born, when in all the land there was not a house in which there was not one dead. "Undo the heavy burdens," said God's voice; "let the oppressed go free; break every yoke." "We can't," said we in reply. "Our own hands are tied." Who had tied them? Not the fingers of God. Not one statute of his word. We ourselves. Could not they who tied untie? "Ah, we can't," we plead; "it will cause disunion. We can't; it will cost too much. We can't; it isn't safe for the slave or his master. We can't; no other labor can produce that on which we are growing rich, and which gives us our commercial importance with foreign powers." And so we sinned for fear of disunion, and God has shattered the Union. We sinned to save cost. Have we saved it? have we found our economy in such saving? We sinned to produce cotton. How is the crop now? We sinned for the sake of peace and quietness. Is this a tranquil land to-day? We sinned with our hands bound as with new ropes that never were

occupied; and God has touched the cords, and they have become as flax burned with fire.

In the midst of the strenuous tasks laid upon us,—tasks that absorb all hearts and employ all hands, that summon our boldest and bravest and strongest to the field, and double the burdens of the aged and weak left behind,—we must find time to humble ourselves before God, to acknowledge him just and right in this controversy, to confess that we have been wrong, and with a spirit of contrition, which he shall see to be deep and sincere, beseech restoration to his favor. By this path only can we find a way out of our troubles. Not as a suffering nation will he heal and exalt us, but only as a penitent nation.

5. And even as we come with penitence before him, we may come with gratitude also. We cannot be penitent as we ought, without a discernment of the divine goodness. And tears of gratitude may mingle to-day with tears of sorrow, and psalms of thanksgiving with chants of confession. The hands that sought to tear down the majestic fabric of our Government, and to dismember our broad country, have not yet had their will. The panic hour of surprise, three years ago, was their hour. But that hour has passed. God shielded us in that day of weakness and doubt. He has breathed upon the national heart, and the passion of nationality has struck deep. A new-born love of country has shot up and ripened like a summer harvest, over all the breadth of the land. Among all parties, with only a few execrable exceptions.

doomed to eternal infamy, he has inspired the unflinching purpose to maintain the Government by force of arms upon the necks of rebels and traitors. He has guided the President slowly and cautiously forward, not so fast as some of us were moved to go, but taking no step backward, and with such progress that the whole nation has kept, as we may say, even pace with him. He has filled our ranks with men, our treasury with money, our hearts with charity, our homes with plenty. He has given us friends abroad, and victories in the field, repressing the hostility of jealous foreign powers, and circumscribing rebellion within narrower limits. We are fasting to-day; but it is not because God has brought us into deadly extremities; so hedged up our way that we cannot take another step, and know not which way to turn; not because of defeat and slaughter, and the ravages of war rolling forward with threatening aspect toward our Northern homes; not because we are despondent and cast down, hope dying out and courage unnerved. In his great mercy the very opposite of all this is true. He has breathed within us hope, courage, determination. We seek him to acknowledge unworthiness in the midst of these favors, to express our dependence, to entreat his continued guidance and blessing, and that he lead us out of the bitterness and anguish of war; its terrible sacrifices; its household griefs; its disturbance of all those arts and pursuits that bless a nation in time of peace; its arrest of great spiritual enterprises, and of our growing national life. And yet

thus seeking, we cannot but see that there may mingle with these very evils an occasion for thankfulness. Perhaps our true life never had such rapid and vigorous nurture before. The true ends of a nation are not national wealth, political power and self-aggrandizement; but to develop the noblest types of personal and social character; to nurture in her sons the most exalted qualities; to establish great principles worthily crowned with royalty over the individual heart and in the institutions of a people; to shake off sloth, the love of ease, the pursuit of luxury, and devotion to material interests, and to put on the stern virtues of self-denial and heroic endurance, and the bright loveliness of human charity. It may be that in this sense and toward these ends, our national progress was never so real and grand — our national life never so full-pulsed and vigorous.

And now once more, while mingling gratitude with our penitence, we need also to approach him with deprecation, lest in the very hour of his visitation we offend him afresh.

I said at the outset that as a nation we were drifting away from God and forgetting his name and titles. But there is one way and a very horrible way in which that name and those titles are increasingly familiar. We were profane enough as a people before the war, but there is reason to fear that this vice has grown upon us in the camp and the field. Young men seem to celebrate their enfranchisement from the quiet order and soft but powerful restraints of home life

by giving license to their tongues. In the presence of a mother or a sister or in the parlor of a friend there are many considerations beside reverence that would control their speech. But, cut adrift from these ties and scenes, entering upon a fellowship where it seems bold and free and generous to despise all the petty tyrannies left behind, it carries with it a sort of argument for one's daring and manhood to be audacious with the name of God. Where lip lends the contagion to lip, and official standing graces the practice, profanity becomes with too many easy and habitual. You shall hear it from well nigh every tent. It is the undertone of the march. It mingles with mirth and points every jest. Returned soldiers announce themselves not more by their uniform than by the blasphemies with which they fairly blacken the air. I have no doubt it is dimly present to their consciousness, that such language, as they come back from the war, argues them to have seen strange, wild and desperate experiences, and breathes the aroma of a life as far as possible from the quiet scenes into which they return.

Alas, that when we want God most, and that they whose constant exposure to sudden and violent death makes their need so imminent of that divine care and mercy, we and they should so affront him. Ah, to meet that volume of profanity and outweigh it, we need to double to-day our volume of prayer. While they desecrate in profane daring—we must hallow in fervent supplication that holy and fearful name.

We shall need also to watch and pray lest *lying* become a vice of this land. We have had no very sharp general test of our national veracity hitherto. In our commercial dealings—man with man—we have been as honest and candid, I suppose, as buyers and sellers, in any of the markets of the earth. If a man be tricky and false in these more private relations, he is soon known and marked, and finds that honesty is not only the best principle but according to the proverb, the best policy. But it would seem as though the moment we come to act in relation to the Government and the law of the land, that lying and stealing changed their moral quality. Let a draft summon our young men and our strong men to replenish the thinned ranks of the army. Alas, how decrepid our young men, how infirm our strong men! What awful deformities, what hideous bodily defects, what incurable maladies have been covered up all along by decent broadcloth! Our churches on the Sabbath, our drawing rooms on assembly nights, our exchange at noonday, have been filled with ghastly hospital patients, and we never guessed it. How much false bloom there must be on the cheek, how much feigned vigor in the step—what a forced cheerfulness in voice and laugh—what heroic, uncomplaining, smiling martyrs to pain in the pleasant festivities and eager industries of all daily life! Who would have guessed that our mothers had borne and our homes had reared such a race of cripples, and that the symmetry and soundness of American manhood were, to such a fearful extent, starch and buckram!

Taxes have been easy under the light expenditures of an economical Government—and for the most part frankly and cheerfully met. They are another sort of burden now—and how suddenly our handsome establishments show hollow and unsubstantial! How basely alloyed is our most showy and solid service of silver! "How is the gold become dim—how is the most fine gold changed!" How cheap and frail the chariots of state, and what a false value the glittering trappings put upon mean and sorry steeds! What marvellous secrets of domestic economy some households possess that can live like princes on a peasant's income!

Are these all the fairness, manliness and truth there are in American life? Are the days of drafting and of heavy taxes to unearth such a multitude of shirking, shuffling, we may as well say it, *lying* cowards?

Are we to compete with one another now under the new burdens, to see who can be most expert in shaving a lie without running it plump down, and develop in the same demonstration both the meanness of unpatriotic parsimony, and the moral crime of sacrificing truth to the pocket? If this is to be the new style of national progress, is it a strenuous plea with God to spare us and give us victory and length of days?

We have a proverb in spiritual things that "man's extremity is God's opportunity"—illustrating the truth that often in our utmost need, God's goodness comes in with its most prized and timely succors. We have got a new second clause to that proverb,

"Man's extremity is the speculator's opportunity." If speculators would operate only among themselves, and with the false values which they create and build up, ensnaring and devouring one another, it would be no man's concern, except to look thankfully on, and devoutly hope that the issue might be like that of the famous Kilkenny duel. Let Greek meet Greek, and sharper prey upon sharper. But when they enter into combination, in times of enhanced prices, when whole communities of families with fixed and limited incomes are struggling hard to secure the necessaries of life, and, using large capital, buy up these articles of most common and needed consumption for the sake of creating a scarcity, and through the scarcity a demand, and as the final effect to double their investment, adding to all the burdens of war time, increased taxation and absence of strong productive hands, this gratuitous, most mercenary and most selfish burden of paying a hundred per cent out of a soldier's earnings and savings—the sole dependence of many a home for the necessaries of life—into their itching palms, one is tempted to wish that in the absence of laws to reach and punish such a crime, the whole indignant community would rise up, and extemporizing stakes and faggots—beams and ropes, teach these marble-hearted miscreants, that though legal Justice is blind and dumb over their guilt, natural Justice will put an end to their trade and to them. What do we think of wreckers, who show false lights in dangerous seas, to lure some goodly ship

to destruction, that they may gorge the plunder—or the harpies that cluster on a battle field at night, with lantern and dagger, and first stab and then strip the wounded? How much worse are they than the sleek dealers who doom impoverished families to the slow miseries of want and famine that they may clutch out of such hands a larger profit? We have not law for such criminals, we dare not take the law into our own hands—that were neither wise nor right. We want God for them. We want to say as archangel Michael said to their prototype and father, "The Lord rebuke thee!" We want such a public sense of an Almighty presence and power—such a universal faith in the fatherhood of God toward men, that this fratricidal wrong shall no more dare to lift its head.

From this sin flows very naturally another—the sin of *public extravagance*, though the stream is broader and more copious than the fountain. It is the lavish outlay of so many with whom money is plenty, that helps to drain the land of gold—that keeps up the price of gold—that makes the enormous inflation of a paper currency inevitable—that enhances all prices—that thus oppresses the poor and drags the country into the ever deepening abyss of public debt—and is preparing and hastening that revulsion that must come—that will be here sooner or later, when thousands of fortunes great and small will suffer wreck. Let men whose means seem ample, reduce instead of enlarging their personal expenditures. Let ladies, who think they can afford to live elegantly, set the example of

satisfying their taste so far as possible with home products; let every man who finds his hands unexpectedly full, lay by now for that "*wet day*" coming, when the sun of our transient and seeming prosperity shall be suffering disastrous eclipse; especially if we part freely with our means let us give to charity and lend to the Lord, and that clouded day ahead and not far off will not be so utterly dark. What we want as an antidote to this evil and peril is nothing less or other than a sense of our stewardship under God.

With such deprecation of evils existing and threatening we are finally to hear God's call in the country's. This land was planted for him; this nation founded for him. If it be saved, it is to be saved for him—or our salvation will be only the precursor of deeper ruin. We have two things to do as Christian patriots, to save the land and to save it for God. It is his call then that summons our young men to the field. For the land is to be saved not by such blasts of night as doomed Sennacherib and his host, when

> "The might of the Gentile unsmote by the sword
> Melted like snow in the glance of the Lord,"

but by arms of flesh and valiant hearts with God's blessing upon their human prowess. We may turn a deaf ear to proclamations and muster calls, and escape with such impunity as we can win. But God has committed this land and its great venture for humanity to our faithful keeping, and He summons us to the front to take part in that stern debate of arms, whose issue is to decide

whether we live or die. Oh such a call, so solemn, so sacred, with the accents of such voices blending in it,—God's and the country's, our homes, and our future, and our kind—never before addressed itself to youthful valor and patriotic and pious ardor—making recusancy, except under the inexorable ban of necessity, the denial of manhood, disloyalty to native land, and treason to God.

But it is not enough that we are loyal and valiant. It is only half our task to save the land. It is to be saved for God. It is to be saved in the interest of Freedom, Humanity and Righteousness. It is to be saved for God's great purpose of using us as a regenerated people to show forth the beauty and fairness of a Christian state to a gazing and hitherto reproachful world. If we conquer in the war but fail in the moral struggle—and drag this nation clinging to her old sin and shame and curse back into that same old controversy with God, which has culminated in this day of calamity, God will teach us his meaning in a more impressive way, and woe to our head when the next lesson comes.

Let us clasp it in our arms to-day, our whole bleeding country, faith and prayer locking their embrace around it, and lift it out of the dust and smoke of party strife and civil war, and with one wide-consenting vow of consecration, lay it down at the feet that were wounded, to be henceforth Immanuel's land, and ourselves servants of the Most High God.

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